

Christine Raimo

Marion Oliver, M.D.

A Memoir



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Dr. Marion Oliver

A MEMOIR

BY

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WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

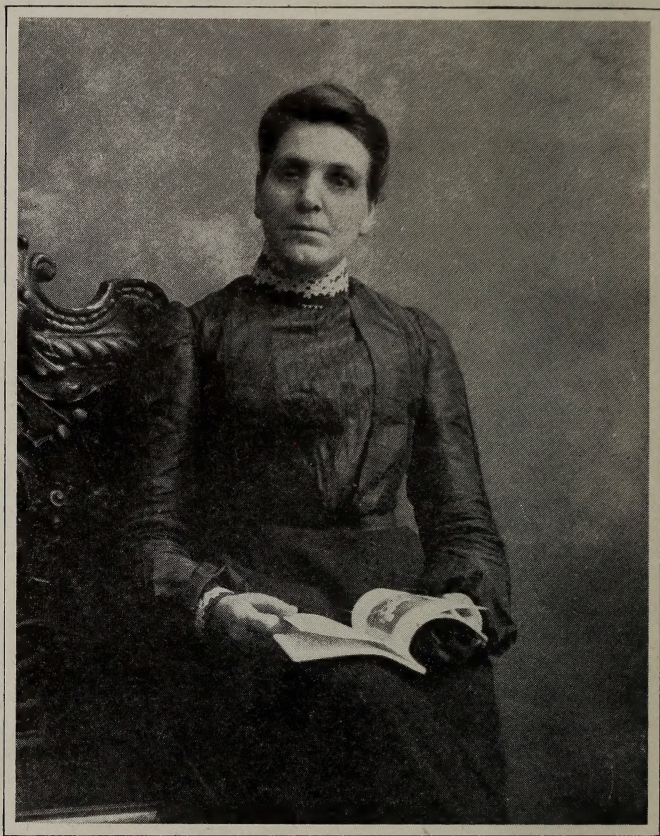
W. D.

Have *you* heard the voices distantly calling
Out of the dark night?

"Oh sisters! Oh mothers! In lands of light
Send *us* the Light;

For in times of sorrow and grief and pain
Alone in the dark we grope;

As grope they must, who dwell as we,
Without God, and Christ, and hope."



*Yours Affectionately
Marion Oliver*

Dr. Marion Oliver

CHAPTER I

*"Just as I am, young, strong and free
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee,—
Oh Lord, my God, I come!"*

THE subject of this brief memoir was of Scottish parentage, her father with his young bride having left the Old Land and crossed the Atlantic immediately after their marriage in the early summer of 1842. They arrived at New York after a comparatively quick passage of thirty days in a sailing vessel, and from thence crossed into Canada and proceeded to Galt, where they remained three months. In the autumn, travelling by stage coach, they came to Stratford, and thence, following the course of the little Avon River, they reached Avonton and were the guests for one week of another Scottish family, in their rude but hospitable home, during which time "the axe was laid to the root of the tree," and the logs for their own home were prepared and put in place at a selected spot, five miles further down the river Avon.

The new home, hewn out of the forest, was built, not on the banks of the Avon, but on a little creek that ran into it. With the assistance of kind neighbors a busy day was spent in erecting the modest dwelling place, and as evening closed in, and while the friends were still with them, the old Scottish custom of naming the farm was observed in the old Scottish fashion by the breaking of a bottle of whiskey, and the name given to it was "Burnside," the name by which it is still known and called.

When night fell, the house lacked both door and roof, but the brave young couple, unafraid of the bears and wolves that too frequently prowled about by night, settled into it, consecrating its rude unfinished log walls with the reading of God's word and prayer, realizing that, "Except the Lord build the

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house, they labor in vain that build it": and so, they committed themselves and their home to the God of their fathers, confident that He would prove to them also, "a very present help in every time of need."

Thus was the home in the strange, new land, established, and this God-fearing and God-worshipping young man and young woman were the pioneers of the afterwards flourishing Presbyterian congregation of Avonbank, from which four missionaries have gone forth to proclaim in far lands, the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus.

This home had ever an open door, and generously its inmates exercised the grace of hospitality, not only towards the pioneer ministers of those early days, who in all weathers were true Shepherds of the little scattered flocks, but to travellers also, going to and coming from the near-by town of St. Mary's.

As years went by, the home was blessed by the advent of children, of whom Marion was the third daughter and the seventh child in order. She grew up in a family inured to honest toil, and neither fearful of it nor ashamed; and as she grew she took her share in the work of both house and field. When driving the cattle to and from the pasture, she would often fearlessly mount an old white steer and ride, in state, back and forth; or being sent on an errand to the barn, would enjoy the fun, with its spice of danger, of walking the rafters of the building. Years after, in India, she would recall the old happy days when she and her small brothers and sisters paddled about in the "burn" that gave its name to their home. She learned to use the spinning wheel and to knit stockings and socks and mittens from the home-spun wool. To the end of life she enjoyed what she called "the calming womanly occupation of knitting."

She grew up, too, in a family where hard toil never precluded the pastime of reading. In the early days when there was only an occasional mail, then a bi-weekly, then a tri-weekly one, papers came into the house and were welcomed. Later on, in connection with the Avonbank church, there was a

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library from which books were regularly brought and eagerly read by different members of the big and busy family. Historical books were of special interest, and perhaps it was because of the example of the busy mother that the whole family acquired a taste for reading good books on a variety of subjects. One of the third generation of the family has a vivid mental picture of her grandmother in her old age, sitting in her arm chair, which had a wide, shelf-like arm, on which rested a lamp, to bring the light within reading distance of the dimmed eyes, the grandchildren as they played about, in a home where they were ever welcome, being frequently warned, to have a care to the lamp, lest it be knocked over.

Marion received her early education in the rural school near her home, going later for short terms to the High School at St. Mary's. On taking out a certificate she began teaching and did excellent work for a number of years, as a Public School teacher in rural sections in the County of Perth. The love she inspired in the hearts of her pupils is finely exemplified in the act of one of them who passed away many years afterwards, leaving her former teacher a love-token of fifty dollars, of which Dr. Oliver writes in a letter from India, of date, April 13, 1897. "That her liking for me still continued I never once thought, but it had, for in her will she left me fifty dollars, not for my work but for myself. I feel so humbled and yet so pleased: humbled to think how unworthy I am of such loving remembrance, and yet glad to have been loved. She must also have been a lover of Christ to leave money that she knew I would want to use in mission work."

During her teaching years, other influences were being brought to bear upon her that helped greatly in shaping her career, and giving her a wider outlook on life and its possibilities. A biography of the famous Massachusetts teacher and educator, Mary Lyon, who founded the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, coming into her hands so impressed and inspired her, that she resolved that her life also should emulate Mary Lyons', and be spent in noble service for others, and should count for truth and righteousness, and for the uplift of womankind.

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Actuated by these high resolves and lofty motives, she offered her services to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and being accepted for work in Central India, she was invited by the newly-organized Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to attend Queen's University, which had comparatively lately opened its doors to Women Medical Students, that she might there fit herself for medical work in India.

She entered upon a four year's course of study in the autumn of 1882 and soon afterwards organized and taught a Bible class for the lady students, few in number in those days and acquiring their medical knowledge in the teeth of not a little opposition; for many there were who felt that *only* with a view to doing the work of a foreign missionary was a woman justified in qualifying as a medical practitioner. Marion Oliver was the type of woman whose womanliness and gentleness disarmed the critics of those women who were thus seeking to blaze a new trail, and adopt a profession new to women. In due time she was graduated with honors and was chosen valedictorian for her year.

The favorite name by which she was known in her own immediate family circle, and which was supposed by friends of later years to be a Scottish pet name, was given her in her student days. On one occasion, when returning from College to her home at Avonbank, she took with her several bright new pennies to give to the nephews and nieces whom she knew she would find holidaying at the old home. One young nephew, when his shining penny was given him, said teasingly: "Oh, you are a *penny* doctor, aren't you?" The name caught the fancy of the others and henceforward and always she was to all these growing young people their dearly-beloved "Aunt Penny."

Her medical course completed, Doctor Oliver was dedicated at the home church at Avonbank—a place ever dear to her heart—and the little monthly *Letter Leaflet*, the first organ of the W.F.M.S., of November, 1886, contains the notice:—

"Dr. Marion Oliver, our medical missionary sailed for India on Thursday, 7th October, by steamship 'Polynesian.' "

CHAPTER II

"Heaven's most precious gift to earth is 'the soul of a man actually sent down from the skies with a God's message to us,' and these are his credentials:—vision, power, sympathy, sincerity, and zeal for righteousness."

A GENERATION or more ago, the faring forth to a far land was a more formidable undertaking than it is to-day, when, by travel and intercommunication, the very ends of the earth have been drawn close to each other, and distance is, relatively speaking, annihilated. The voyage across the Atlantic was uneventful, but the novelty of it made it interesting. Arrived in Britain, a short time was spent very happily among the friends of her parents, in the old Scottish home town, where, in and about lovely Langholme, there was "much tea drinking and visiting," and much kindness received from those who had been friends of her forebears.

From Liverpool onward, through the Bay of Biscay, the Strait of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and Port Said were reached. Here east touches and mingles with west; here the out-going missionary, if wise, puts on the uncomfortable, often ill-fitting and seldom becoming pith hat which is so necessary a protection against the fierce rays of the hurtful tropical sun. Here is the "Great Divide," where the traveller feels: "Now I have done with and left behind me the western world, now truly is my face set towards the lands of the rising sun." Hereabout is the place where "the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground," but "the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians and troubled the host, and took off their chariot wheels, and the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh." The out-going missionary is almost sure at this place to have a hope that God will, in like manner, "trouble the hosts" in the spiritual

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warfare he goes forth to wage against the powers of darkness. Or perhaps, he sees in the dim distance the reputed Mount Sinai where "there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud so that all the people trembled;" he recalls, that while "the law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," and he rejoices that he goes forth with this gospel of grace that sets men and women free from the bondage of sin, and makes them "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Through the great heat of the Canal and the Red Sea, past Aden—another of the strategic strongholds that makes one glad to be a Britisher—across the Indian ocean the good ship ploughs her way until Bombay is reached, and who, be his purpose and mission what it may, can approach Bombay, the door of entrance to the Land of the Seeking Heart, unmoved? Here a vast cosmopolitan population crowds the streets, various races and castes in their distinctive costumes meet the eye, a babel of sounds greets the ear, while the splendid buildings testify to the wealth of her men of business and to the extent of her commerce. A missionary lately arrived in India writes thus of his first impressions:—"The harbor of Bombay is to India as the door to the palace. Arising out of the sea almost diaphanous, the glittering city on the isle promises fulfilment of all the mystic charm and ancient lore that India has meant to us since childhood. I vote all India grand! Grand, not in the way of petty grandeur, but grand as the majestic, fierce, lusty sun, shimmering plain and snow-capped height; barren, arid desert, and pregnant pulsing jungle from the Himalayas to Ceylon, vast grandeur rolls on ever vaster. Hot breezes fiercely caress by day and shimmering moon and radiant stars intoxicate by night. To ride through the hot plains, the sun's rays so direct that scarce an inch of shade can be found, to see the cattle grazing the brown earth, (where fodder ought to be) with "lean and hungry look," and the herdsman stretched beneath his cloth for shelter from the sun, while the earth turns its hard wizened face to the merciless glare, helps one to understand much of India's religion, so dire in its fatalism,

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and the age-long struggle of her children." But the new-comer is usually anxious to press on to the quieter up-country place that is to be "home" in the land of voluntary exile. Bombay with its heat and humidity is always green, but as one journeys inland in the cold season, one is struck by the bare, brown look of things, for except in the rainy season, when all nature is so wondrously transformed and splendidly apparelled in verdure, there is nothing green to rest the eye and to give relief from the glare of the sun, except rather widely-scattered clumps of trees that are the land-marks of villages. India is a land of hamlets and villages, where at least four-fifths of the vast population lives; multitudes they are, like "dumb driven cattle," living amid ignorance and superstition and disease and death, their hard, bare lives of unremitting toil, without God and without hope in the world.

At the time of which we write there were only two stations—Indore and Mhow—opened in the whole of our Central India field, where there are now thirteen main and several out-stations; and at the former place Dr. Oliver joined her two *co-workers*, Miss Rodger and Dr. Elizabeth Beatty, our pioneer medical missionary, becoming the third member of a happy trio who occupied the commodious new bungalow that had recently been erected in the European residential quarter, and where the inmates found great comfort after having lived in a native house with no conveniences but a wealth of noxious insect life, and wearying, worrying noises. As was the custom in most zenana bungalows the senior lady, Miss Rodger looked after the housekeeping, all sharing equally at the end of the month in the expenses of its upkeep. At one end of the bungalow was a big waiting room where the women who came for medicine assembled and where sitting among them on the floor the native Bible woman taught them of Him who heals soul and body. Adjoining the waiting room were other smaller rooms for consulting, dispensing medicine, etc. Until the new Women's Hospital was built some few years later medical work was carried on in these rooms and also in the small dispensary in the heart of the native city. In one of her earliest

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letters Dr. Oliver says: "During the two months I have been in India, I have often wondered if all new-comers had to pass through my experience of feeling themselves to be much more of an annoyance than a help to the older missionaries, because of the many questions one must constantly ask. I began the regular study of the Hindi language with the first Monday of the New Year and have made some little progress. I'm sure my attempts to find out what diseases my patients are suffering from must often be a source of amusement to them, but a native woman is much too polite and respectful to ever show that she is laughing at you. I am trying to pick up fresh words every day, have seen many sick women and children and the sight of them makes me wish for the gift of tongues."

Dr. Oliver's medical colleague, Dr. Elizabeth Beatty, having become subject to severe attacks of fever, it was deemed imperative to take her away to Kashmir for a complete change of air, and early in the year 1887, a considerable party from the Mission made the long journey to that beautiful health-giving country of which the poet Moore has sung so charmingly in his *Lalla Rookh*.

While in Kashmir she continued the study of the language, and returned several months in advance of the other lady members of the party and carried on as best she could, the medical work at Indore. Arrived at Indore, she writes under date July 25th, 1887:—"My Kashmir trip was more than enjoyable. I shall never forget the deep sense of the Omnipotence of God which the first real entrance among the Himalaya Mountains gave me. Nowhere could a woman physician be more needed than in Kashmir, where the higher caste women are far more restricted than in most parts of India proper. The missionary's wife in Srinagar told me that though she had been more than four years in the country she had never yet been able to gain admittance into a Zenana. Being a doctor, I was more fortunate and was called in to treat the wife—or rather, wives—of the Prime Minister. . . . My work here brings me some fresh interest nearly every day. Yesterday we had a crowd of women, the friends and relatives of a patient

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whom we had relieved the previous day. *Hindi* makes little progress these busy days."

Later in the year her co-worker returned from Kashmir and together they labored in fullest sympathy with each other, and with plans for developing the work and training Indian helpers. The city dispensary was moved to a new house in a more convenient quarter, and the Bible woman volunteered to go and live in it so that in-patients also might be taken in and cared for. This woman had little medical knowledge, but a big and loving heart.

While Dr. Oliver was preparing at home for her life-work, and during the whole of her voyage out to India, the fear had often forced itself upon her that perhaps she might not really *love* the women to whom she was going. That she would gladly minister to their bodily needs she had no doubt, but could she really and truly *love* them? The questioning fear remained with her till she met this dear woman—Yesodabia—on her arrival at Indore, and from the moment their eyes and hands met in greeting, their hearts met too, and she knew that love would go out spontaneously to these gentle, kindly women, and in an especial manner to those who had become, through a common faith, her sisters in Christ Jesus.

In the new quarters that were secured, the report tells us, "besides the dispensary and waiting room together with the rooms required for Yesodabai, her husband and their two children, there still remained three rooms; these can each be made to accommodate two patients, provided they are of the same caste. At the most we can have only six beds and if the patients are all of different castes then only three! We expected that it would be uphill work for some time, overcoming the prejudices of the women against living in a strange house, but fortunately our first two patients were Brahmins, who came from a distance and had either to return uncured, or consent to go into the little hospital with its tiny mud floor and mud-wall rooms, located on the main thoroughfare of the city. They soon grew accustomed to it and even in these three weeks the example of a few high caste patients is

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telling. To-day we divided one of the rooms with a curtain, in order to make it accommodate a Brahmin and a Rajput. Though they might lie sick in the same room, yet neither could take food before the other without incurring ceremonial defilement and breaking her caste, and we would but cause sorrow and trouble, without any good resulting therefrom, if we did anything to separate them from their own people, unless we could bring them into the fold of Christ."

Later on a dispensary was opened at Ujjain, which place could be reached from Indore by rail, in about three hours, and thither Dr. Oliver went weekly to minister to the needs of those who sought her help in this, one of India's oldest, most sacred cities, with a history dating back to about the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. Regarding this development of the medical work, Dr. Oliver writes on November 5, 1888:—"A nice large room with a small adjoining room was secured for us. So two weeks ago I went up, taking with me a stock of medicine, and a Christian woman who has had two years training in the Agra Women's Medical School. Her husband has been for some time in charge of the missionary dispensary for men at Ujjain, so the husband and wife are now both at work side by side, and ought to be able to help each other. We have put her in charge of the dispensary and shall endeavor to visit it frequently. Ujjain is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants and so closely are the houses built together that only very few of the streets are wide enough for a cart to go through. I had to ride on horseback, and created no little curiosity, though they seemed to find out who I was for I could hear them saying to one another as I passed along:—'Doctor Madam Sahiba.' Our first morning we had more than a dozen patients and the second twenty, which we felt to be a very encouraging beginning."

Thus the work went on until in 1891 her colleague went on furlough, and was subsequently compelled, through ill-health, to retire permanently from the mission. She is remembered and loved to this day by some few who remain of those for

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whom she spent her strength so lavishly, during her all too few years of strenuous pioneer work.

From such small beginnings by devoted women, and in the face of official opposition and heathen suspicion, the medical work developed into the extensive valuable ministry that it is to-day to multitudes of suffering ones in that part of Central India where the Canadian Presbyterian Mission operates.

The time may be all too near when the opportunity and possibility of carrying on schools for non-Christian girls will cease, for the native Governments are becoming alive to the necessity of educating their girls, and the Mission School, with its regular daily Bible instruction is almost certain to be ruled out; but the day is still far distant when the people will want to do without the help afforded them through the medium of a medical mission; for the diseases of the flesh do ever make a stronger appeal for help and healing than do mental and spiritual ills, however great and deadening.

Early in the same year, 1888, owing to the return to Canada of one of the very few earlier missionaries engaged in school work, Dr. Oliver took over the charge of the Girls' School in Indore City, visiting it and encouraging the teachers as often as time and opportunity permitted. Those were the days before people "specialized" as they do to-day, and for lack of helpers the early missionaries just literally fulfilled the scriptural injunction—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do* it," learning the language not only from books, but by the daily use of it in intercourse and converse with the people, proving the truth of Froebel's statement, "we learn to do by doing." On the arrival of reinforcements from Canada, at the end of 1888, she almost at once handed over the school work in the city to the young, newly-arrived missionary with many words of cheer and encouragement to the uninitiated one, who felt herself as it were, buried beneath an avalanche of new impressions, amid a new and wondrous strange environment.

And just here a word should be said about the warmth and kindness of her welcome to new missionaries. She saw

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in each one great possibilities. She hoped the very best for and of each, and she had a way, which some will never forget, of mothering new young women who needed comfort and cheer when billows of loneliness and homesickness engulfed them. Her sympathy was often expressed by a silent pressure of the hand, for she was ever a woman of few words, but through all the long years she continued to be the helper and adviser and succorer of many a young and inexperienced servant of the Lord, as is abundantly testified by the following extracts from a letter written by one such, as Dr. Oliver was leaving India on her last furlough: "I wanted you all alone to-night for a moment, to tell you how much my Father has used you to teach me this summer. We can just praise Him together for this fellowship in Himself. If the 'communion of saints' is so precious what must communion with the Sanctifier be I praise God for you. May He make you to many another woman what you have been to me. It is a privilege to be an *uplift* and example and inspiration to one's fellow-missionaries as well as our Indian brethren, and you are that through His grace and His indwelling Spirit."

George Eliot says beautifully, "There are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of a sort of baptism and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us." And so Marion Oliver bound many over to purity and rectitude and a desire for high and holy living.

As year by year, reinforcements arrived, she welcomed them, showing always a kindly interest not only in the newcomers themselves but in the pretty new things brought from the home land for personal use and for the setting up of homes as little centres of light in the midst of great spiritual darkness, and in a land whose vernaculars have no word for "home," but only one for "house,"

Other medical workers arrived in 1890 and 1892 by which time the fine new Women's Hospital at Indore was completed, and with fuller equipment came larger opportunities for service. Although, because of the exigencies of furlough, or

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for other reasons, several have labored for longer or shorter periods in the hospital at Indore, still her term of service was longer than any, and somehow as the red thread that runs through every inch of the cable used in the British navy, (thus proclaiming it as tested and tried and not found wanting), so her life's influence runs through and abides as an enduring part of the medical work for women and children at Indore.



INDORE HOSPITAL

And not only through the giving of medicine, but by her dealings with all sorts and conditions of people, she left upon all classes the impress of her kindly personality.

Comparatively recently, one who had been long and intimately associated with her was visiting at Indore, and chanced to meet when walking along a busy street, an old man who had been her domestic servant at one time. Greetings were exchanged, and at mention of Dr. Oliver's name the

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old man burst into tears, saying how good she had always been to him.

And thus, with "labors more abundant" and various, she drew towards the end of a first term of service for the Lord and the people she loved, and looked forward, with the joy and eagerness that accompanies the nearness of especially a *first* furlough, to reunion with her friends in Canada. Her home coming proved opportune, for she was privileged immediately on her return to her home, to help nurse and care for her aged and beloved mother, who, when the long days of summer came, went to be with God. The joy of meeting was mixed with the pain of parting, but she saw in all God's ways and doings a Hand of Love, and especially in sparing her mother till she arrived.

CHAPTER III

"To be in constant fellowship with God, in the conscientious discharge of duty, in the practice of gentle charity and truth and in the aiming after ever greater holiness is the one, and the only, and the victorious secret of living in the presence of God.

THE furlough time was spent among friends and relatives and in doing a considerable amount of deputation work.

Her messages and influence were deeply felt among the young people of her home congregation, and after her return to India she used often to speak affectionately of the young people of Avonbank. But if the going and being on furlough is a great refreshing and happiness, the return to one's work in a heathen land, if one realizes that one has been truly sent of God to proclaim His truth, is full of a deep joy and satisfaction, even though one has learned that there are difficulties to be met, and discouragements to be overcome, and many experiences to be faced that call for a constant dependence on God for wisdom and patient strength.

In the autumn of 1894 she with some others set out again for India. A storm on the Atlantic delayed the travellers, causing them to miss connection with the steamer by which they had expected to sail from England to India, but the waiting time, till another passage was secured, was spent pleasantly and profitably in London, and eventually Bombay was again reached, on the 4th of January, 1895, and a second term of service was begun.

The railway journey up country, took the best part of two days at that time, so it is evident that no time was wasted, for four days after reaching India she took over charge of the Hospital at Indore and began work again. She says: "I did not really know until now how glad I would be to be again in my own niche. My heart has been singing with gratitude ever since I stepped off the train. So many people seem really glad

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to see my face again. May I hold up Christ—Christ only—among them.” And again a month later:—“I notice that whenever I tell the women of what Christ is *to my own soul*, how intently they listen! Oh, that He might be so precious to me, that with joy and gladness of heart I may at all times tell of His love.”

Such a message of personal experience of Christ's saving and satisfying power cannot but appeal to a people whose religion consists of works of super-erogation, performed in the hope, not of acquiring forgiveness of actual sins committed, nor of getting a clean heart, but only in the hope of acquiring merit that will ensure a higher position as the performer of the good deeds goes through an endless succession of re-incarnations. As of old, so now, the convincing testimony to Christ's power to heal and to save is: “This one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

Early in the year, the new college building at Indore having been completed, public worship was held in the hall for the first time, and her prayer on that occasion was; “Lord fill it with Thy Presence, and speedily fill it with Thine own, gathered out from among the heathen.”

She was watchful lest “the common round, the daily task,” of caring for *bodies* should make her forgetful of *souls*. A young husband one day said to her: “Please give my wife *soul medicine*. Your religion has that in it which gives peace to the mind and I want her taught that, for her mind has had no peace since her son died.” And sometimes it was granted to her to know that the soul medicine had been efficacious, as when she learned from a missionary living in a distant city that his wife when on tour in their district had come across a Christian woman in a village, who said she had learned all she knew of Christ when she went with a sick sister-in-law to the Indore Hospital.

Towards the end of the year some new missionaries arrived from Canada, and soon after their arrival, in the presence of five of them, seven persons were received into the Church by baptism. Thinking, as always, of others, she wrote of this

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incident. "What a royal way for our King to welcome these new workers, by letting them see for their encouragement, that seed sown *does* bear fruit."

And so, throughout the whole first year of this second term she ministered to the bodily and spiritual needs of those about her; in the eyes of her fellow-missionaries, a quiet and beautiful service, faithfully rendered, though she herself, in the very light of the Presence of God that she so habitually practised, felt to be utterly unworthy, for on December 29th, she writes: "The last Sabbath of another year. Full, full has it been of Thy goodness, Oh Lord, and full of much neglect and misuse of blessed opportunities. Oh, the unfaithfulness, the self-indulgence that have marked my days, and marred them. How much time has been given to thinking my own thoughts, to living in the future instead of the present, forgetting or rather ignoring the fact that Life is made up of to-days." The very beginning of the New Year was spent in prayer, and it is not surprising therefore to read:—

"My desire for 1896:—

"That the love of God, and the spirit of intercession for all men, but especially for all God's children, may abound more and more in my heart."

This re-dedication was followed by so strenuous an effort to reach the women in adjacent villages that it was found necessary to hire a horse and cart for both the horses belonging to the medical staff were tired out. And not only was the receptive attitude of the village women encouraging, but there were some in-patients too, who received the Word gladly. "Not since B's time have we had any women who so intelligently, and with seeming gladness of heart, drank in the Gospel message as two widows—one of them a beautiful young girl—who have come to wait on a relative on whom we lately operated. We have been asking God to send us those whose hearts the spirit has prepared, and who, like Lydia, will open their heart. Is not this the first answer? Oh, Lord, water the seed. Bring them again to us, if that be Thy will, and may they be Thine."

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On her birthday, May 4th, she writes: "Another mile-stone passed. May there be no day of this coming year lived without helpfulness to some one for Christ's sake. Lord, keep me from sinking to the level of a non-expecting, non-attempting missionary;" and on September 20th it is recalled that ten years previously she was "designated at Avonbank" to witness for Christ in India. "Oh, Christ, pardon all my unfaithfulness, and let Thy Grace, Thy abundant Grace rest and abide upon Thy servant from henceforth even for evermore. Thy testimonies, O Lord, are very sure."

In December of this year an event happened that in the eyes of some would have seemed of considerable importance, but of it she only says: "The Hospital was visited yesterday by Lady Elgin (wife of the Earl of Elgin at that time Viceroy of India.) She seemed pleased with what she saw. Have had such a good day in the villages. The people received us so well and listened so respectfully."

About this time several were baptized and added to the Christian community, and although not directly through the agency of the medical work, yet she rejoiced in every brand plucked from the burning—in every evidence that men and women were turning to the Lord. On the other hand there were discouragements in the work and disappointments in connection with certain of the Indian helpers, which made it a time of lights and shades, and led to much heart-searching and prayer.

Early in 1897, she and a fellow missionary went on tour among the villages between Indore and Ujjain. Early every morning they would be on the road, and would arrive at a village to find groups of men sitting on the ground warming themselves around their little stubble fires, while the women would be busy with their housework:—grinding the day's flour by hand between the simple stone discs, or sweeping the mud floors, or gathering up with their hands the cow manure from the section of the dwelling places where the cattle are tied at night, carrying it out in baskets poised on their heads, to the dumping place, where in their leisure time they would mix it

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with a little stubble or straw, shape it into cakes to be baked dry by the fierce Indian sun, thus securing for their cooking the necessary supplies of fuel. However busy the women might be they would generally be ready to leave their work and come with an account of their bodily ailments, or those of some child or relative. So the boxes of medicine would be got out from under the seat of the cart and before giving any medicine, she would say: "Now, I'll be the bell to ring the people in, and you will give them the message. I'll attend to their bodies afterwards, but you first give them something for their souls."

Most of the time the Hospital was so full that it claimed all the time and energies of the entire medical staff and then no visits could be paid to the villages. Many came seriously ill, and many came sorrowing, as for example: "A woman came about 4.30 this morning, carrying her babe of eight months, who had been having convulsions for two days. It is her ninth child, all the other eight have died. We worked all day till 4 p.m., when, seeing there was no hope whatever, of saving its life, the mother gathered it up in her arms, and went away to her house benumbed with grief." It was constantly upon her heart to try to do more for the souls of the women whose suffering and often tortured bodies she so patiently and lovingly sought to heal, and where healing was impossible she could, more tenderly than anyone else, tell the sufferer that there was no hope, but there were many of whom it could be said, as in the days of old:

"Oh in what divers pains they met,

"Oh with what joy they went away.

Dr. Oliver was fond of music and when the staff met together for a social evening she would ask for a favorite hymn, or more frequently a psalm, and would sometimes exclaim: "What a gift it is, what a beautiful gift to be able to sing!" Though she herself could not sing a note, she would often at night, just before going to bed, walk up and down the verandah softly crooning a favorite psalm, making

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melody, if not with her lips yet surely in her heart. Who that has ever lived in the same house with her, but has heard the half-whispered, half-chanted: "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want," or:

"O God of Bethel by whose Hand
Thy people still are led?"

Through all the busy years the reading habit did not leave her, and she read a great variety of books. It was her custom for many years to keep a book of extracts of both prose and poetry, from whatever book she chanced to be reading, and there is not one such quotation that is weak or commonplace, showing that she had a deep appreciation of a noble thought, beautifully and appropriately clothed in words. The quotations at the beginning of the chapters of this memoir are taken from her collection. Religious books of the best sort appealed strongly to her deeply reverent spirit that so constantly sought communion with God, in prayer and quiet meditation. For years it was her habit to spend her mid-day rest hour in quiet, audible prayer in her own room. Special seasons were always a time of heart-searching, or as she called it: "stocktaking."

"New Year's Day, 1898—I was awakened this morning with the words: 'Quicken Thou me according to Thy word,' ringing in my ears. May I be quickened this year into faithfulness, unfeigned love, unselfish sympathy, tender patience, and increase of interest in the interests of the people about me." And throughout the very busy year that followed, and on into the next one there was need for the exercise of every gift and grace of the Spirit, and cause too for rejoicing in answered prayer, by seeing one here and another there, brought to a saving knowledge of the love of God in Christ Jesus, as in the case of "Phulwasi, who has been in the Hospital for six weeks and goes home tomorrow to die. She is a young Brahmin woman whose disease we have not been able to arrest, and she cannot live many days, but for her to die is gain. From the first day she came among us, she has been a willing

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hearer of the Truth, and for the past three or four weeks the name of Jesus and the story of His love is ever on her lips. Her faith and trust are so simple and child-like. She is like a child away from home and longing to get back to a mother's embrace."

Or this: "Ram Piyari, a pupil in one of our Mission Girls' Schools here, whom I have been attending, is just dying. She is clinging to Christ and is truly 'a jewel gathered for His Crown out of a Hindu home.' "

Not infrequently little "not wanted" babies were presented to the Hospital, and one such waif was peculiarly attractive and much loved by all the nurses, but winning the whole affection of the helper whose duty it was to mother the child and who cared for her most tenderly. The little thing after blooming awhile, was transplanted into God's Garden and much prayer was secretly offered that the foster-mother might be led near to God by her great grief. Very soon after, the woman yielded herself in whole-hearted surrender and was baptized, her heart being filled with a great peace and joy. Again the word was fulfilled: "A little child shall lead them," and again prayer was heard and answered.

For several years at this period Dr. Oliver taught a Sunday School class in the Girls' Boarding School. Neither night calls nor bodily weariness ever kept her from this work and the girls were deeply attached to her. Her reverent voice and manner in reading God's Word and in prayer could not but impress them. When she was about to go on furlough, in 1901, the girls, of their own volition gave her the following addresses in both English and the vernacular, written unaided by one of their number:—

To Miss Oliver, M.D.

Dear Miss Sahiba:—

All the girls have a desire to show their gratitude by giving you a little address to remember us by. You have left many things with us, with which to remember you. You have done a great deal of good for us, especially these last two trying years, and we all confess that every one of us is

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indebted to you for kind care in sickness. And we are convinced that you have done your duty faithfully to others as well as to us; and by performing your part so sincerely you have done the important work for which you have left some of the world's pleasures for the sake of Him who left all for you.

"May your Guide reward you for such a noble missionary spirit, and when you reach your home may the zealous love for this heathen land burn within you, and bring you back to us filled with more spiritual strength and zeal, that, at last, He may say to you: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast given thy body a living sacrifice: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

"On behalf of the Indore Boarding School Girls,

"Signed:

"Awanti bai,

"Phuli bai,

"Grace bai,

"Gow bai.

"Surgi bai."

बहु सन्मान्य मिस अलिबर साहिबका

यह मान पत्र ईन्दौर के बोर्डिंग स्कूल की ओर से बहुत उत्साह के साथ दिया जाता है हम सब आप को उन भलाईयों के लिये जो आप ने हम से हमारे बिमारियों की अवस्था में किई उचित धन्यवादिता हैं. विशेष कर हम उन बातों के लिये आप का धन्य मानते हैं जो आप ने इन दो वर्षों में जब यहाँ और बिमारियों के लोहड़ों से हम से किई

हम सब जानते हैं कि जैसे आप ने हम से भलाई किई वैसे औरों

से भी किई होगी हम सब आप को दुःख और आनन्द दोनों के साथ बिबादि देते हैं और सब बिबन्ती करती हैं कि ईश्वर आप को इस बड़ी यात्रा को सफल करे और कुशल से घर पहुँचो और वहाँ भी उस को सब बिश्वास से करवा लें

हम सब प्रभु की दीसियां

बोर्डिंग स्कूल की लड़कियां हैं

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CHAPTER IV

"Humility is the unconscious grace; love is the unselfish grace; and patience is the enduring grace."

DR. OLIVER left India on March 9th, 1901, for her second furlough in Canada, and just before she was due to return at the end of a furlough of ordinary duration she met with a painful accident to the ankle joint, which necessitated her remaining another year at home. But the time was neither wasted nor fruitless in results for Missions, for while detained at home she organized a Young Women's Mission Study Class, and in fellowship with these young members of the Avonbank congregation she sought to give them the world-vision that had been vouchsafed to her. The meetings were always interesting, the subjects for study carefully prepared, and at the end of the study it was her custom to sum up in a few trenchant words all that had been expressed by the young speakers. This deep interest in the young folk of the congregation, and the influence of her life and work among them led one of the young ladies, after Dr. Oliver's last furlough, to offer for service in the foreign field, and Miss Jennie Hotson was appointed to work in our Mission in Formosa, where she still labors.

She never lost sight of the importance of the "home base," and attended the Auxiliary (W.F.M.S.) whenever possible. Among her papers there was found, after she had gone, an appeal on the subject of non-attendance at Auxiliary meetings, of which the first sentence is: "That you do not come regularly to the meetings of the Auxiliary can only be because you have allowed yourself to become forgetful of your duty and your privilege as women who owe all the blessings of this life and the life to come to the knowledge which is ours in and through Christ Jesus." The last sentence is: "Come, bring a prayerful, thankful heart, which in Christ's sight is far more precious than any gift of money." This message was

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printed by the Literature Department of the W.M.S. in leaflet form, and through it she still speaks to us, urging the faithfulness that she herself ever practised.

It was not till November, 1904, that she spends her first Sunday of a third term of service for India, in prayerful resolve and meditation. "My first Sunday in India, after an absence of three years and eight months. 'He stayeth the rough wind in the day of the east wind.'

"I thank Thee Lord that I am here.

I thank Thee for all the past.

"I ask Thee to magnify Thyself in me—even in me."

Soon after her return she was transferred from Indore to Ujjain, where, in the very early years of her Indian life, she had opened a dispensary and had gone frequently to minister to the women in that sacred city; but never until now had there been a lady medical missionary stationed there, and the dispensary of the earlier years had long since been closed. Realizing the difficulties that attend all new efforts among a very conservative and suspicious people, she continually sought to get near to, and to mix with the women, so as to understand their difficulties and sympathize with their needs. She said on one occasion: "The longer I live the more do I realize that all true living means *loving*." And because she loved greatly she was greatly beloved. Soon after going to Ujjain she one day removed a small tumor from the face of a woman, then washed and bandaged her. The woman, scarcely waiting till this was done, rushed at the doctor, and putting her arms around her neck nearly strangled her by way of showing her gratitude.

In the month of August, during the rainy season, when roads are often practically impassable, she was one day summoned to a village at a considerable distance from Ujjain. The ox-cart was the only means of transportation and it required much twisting of their tails and much goading on the part of the driver to get them to go at all, but finally the home of

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the patient was reached, and she was found to be so ill that it was thought best to spend the night with her. The people of the house did what they could to provide a native cot for her to sleep on, and other things for her comfort, but except when the patient required her care and attention, the whole night was spent in prayer for the woman and the household—that the Master's servant should faithfully witness for Him. In her account of this experience there is no word of weariness nor discomfort, but just this: "I like such trips. They bring me very near to the people."

In Ujjain there are many wealthy members of the Bohra community, a Mohammedan sect. She was often called to their houses and had many interesting religious conversations, for a considerable proportion of the women of this particular sect are taught to read their Koran, and are always ready for controversial conversation. On one occasion she speaks of having had much interesting conversation with two intelligent young men of a family, who instead of cavilling as usual, over questions relating to the *birth* of our Lord, spoke most reverently and tenderly of His death and resurrection.. She was called to houses of exclusive Brahmins, or strictly purdah Mahommedan women, to minister to suffering ones who had probably never before seen, much less conversed with a white woman. Medical work for men had been carried on for years by one of the men doctors of the mission and not an inconsiderable number of women and children, chiefly of the poorer classes, went to the men's dispensary for medicine. All such were turned over to Dr. Oliver when she began work at Ujjain, and she worked happily and harmoniously with the doctor in charge, as she had with her women medical associates at Indore.

Simple village people often came to the bungalow begging for medicine. Where ignorance, superstition, and opposition prevail, either open or veiled, wisdom and common sense are often needed. One day a man and woman brought a greatly emaciated child to her, begging for medicine for it. She saw that the child was dying, and in spite of their pleadings and

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importunities she had to harden her heart and refuse to do anything for it. While the parents pleaded the child actually breathed its last and her action was amply justified, for had she administered any medicine the report would in all probability have gone abroad that the medicine had killed the child. In a place where work had been long established and the confidence of the people secured, such stories, would, of course, not so readily gain credence.

Writing of her work at Ujjain at this time she said: "I am happy here, but there are so many women for whom one could do more if only we had a hospital for them."

Later on, plague having broken out in the city the inhabitants fled in great numbers, for the people of India have learned that when the dread disease appears in their crowded cities where sanitation is unknown, and disease—largely because of the ignorance and the superstitious fears of the people—goes unchecked, there is a measure of immunity and of security in flight. So the city is deserted, the people either going to neighboring towns, and often carrying the disease with them, or camping in temporary straw huts on the outskirts of their own town. When, because of the exodus of the inhabitants, the regular work was almost stopped, the opportunity was seized upon to go into the adjacent villages with a colleague who was on tour, and thus to reach the needy ones there.

Perhaps nothing seemed to Dr. Oliver of greater importance than the early morning meeting with the Christian women workers, teachers, Bible women, and medical helpers, for prayer and Bible study. She realized always that morning is the gateway of the day and must be carefully guarded by prayer, and she realized too, that the message reiterated in stereotyped form can hardly be fruitful, and that those who would *give* must *get*. So she earnestly strove that the Christian women should get a message day by day, direct from God, that they might have something fresh, and real, and vital to give to those sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

The year 1906 began with the wonderful revival that meant newness of life to many of our orphan boys and girls, as well

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as to many of the adult Christians of the various congregations and institutions of the Mission. Months afterwards Dr. Oliver says of those at Ujjain, who came under the Spirit's influence at that time: "The marked change in the spirit of the women and girls grows deeper as the weeks pass, and helpful kindness toward one another, in speech and action is manifest among them all."

As she became better known, invitations came again and again to Dr. Oliver to visit, in their homes, women for whom she had been specially pleading with God that their hearts might be opened to receive His word; and on several occasions ladies of the better classes came to the Zenana bungalow to pay visits, when earnest effort was made to give them not only the spoken message—too easily forgotten—but the written Word as well.

And so having sown the seed in many hearts, having relieved the physical sufferings of many, having been a help and comfort and inspiration to her fellow-workers, this period of service at Ujjain ended, and in February, 1907, Dr. Oliver returned to Indore, the scene of her work of faith and labor of love for so many years, and the place that abounds with memories of her gentle but strong, spirit. When they knew she was likely to leave them the women of Ujjain got up a petition asking that she be not removed from their midst. This petition was signed by many illiterate women, who could only indicate their signature by a mark or a thumb impression. Illiterate they were, but they understood and responded to the universal language of the heart, and the name of that language is—Love.

A great philanthropist of last century said words that apply in measure to her of whom we are speaking: "During a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, or one kind deed ever done but sooner or later returns to bless the giver, and becomes a chain binding men with golden bands to the throne of God."

Dr. Oliver returned from Ujjain in February, 1907, and immediately on arrival from the station took over the day's

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clinic after an absence from Indore of almost six years, part of the time spent in an extended furlough and part as we have seen at Ujjain. Here, in association with her colleagues, some very busy months passed, varied by the weekly visits to Ujjain to see women patients and to oversee and encourage the helpers left there, and always, no matter where she might be, or how busy, there is the cry of a heart hungry for a closer fellowship with God; and while yearning over the people of the land, ever deploring her own coldness and unworthiness. "Sin! What a lethal poison it is! How it takes away even the desire to get free from it. This has been a poor, poor day. The little foxes have spoiled the grapes." Or again: "All my strength seems to go in doing for suffering, ailing bodies. I am rebuked for neglect of perseverance in *definite* prayer." Perhaps few prayed more than she, and always there was the longing to be more earnest in intercession and more faithful in service. Along with her work among and for the people of India she had often the medical care of her fellow missionaries; sometimes attending them through long and serious illnesses, which were a peculiar tax on her strength and sympathies; but this, too, was a service willingly rendered and many of her fellow missionaries have good cause to ever remember her with deep gratitude for her care of them at such times.

In dealing with difficult patients she learned by blessed experience the power of prayer, and the following instance is recorded by her: "This afternoon, Nasiban, a young Mahomedan mother, was raving like a maniac, and it was all the Tungji nurse and I could do to hold her down in bed. This had gone on for more than an hour, and feeling at a loss what further remedy to use, I was reminded by the Holy Spirit that I had not taken the case definitely to Christ. I lifted heart and voice, saying, 'Lord, Thou canst calm her. Lay Thy Hand upon her,' and lo! the half-uttered yell was cut short, her eyelids drooped, the muscles under my hands slackened, and in a moment sleep fell upon her. For several hours she slept quietly and naturally, and when she awoke all her fever and

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delirium were gone. Father, I thank Thee for thus teaching us of Thy power. Lord, forgive us that we are so weak in faith, and so fearful lest we be presumptuous."

She had a tender heart for little ones, and from her earliest days in India was ever ready to help poor Christian mothers with the care and education of their children. One such boy has, for a number of years occupied a unique and influential position in the household of Her Highness, the Begum of Bhopal, and is said to be such a favorite that, apart from the sons of Her Highness, he is the only man who has ever looked upon her unveiled face—for she is a Mahommedan lady and observes strict purdah.

A girl whom she rescued has grown up to be a beautiful young woman, and is now the wife of a preacher, a graduate of our Theological Seminary at Indore, who is now in charge of a small Christian community at one of the out-stations of the Mission. In the rescue of this child both wisdom and courage were shown. The girl was about eight years of age and was brought into the Indore Hospital by a woman wearing the Mahommedan dress, and claiming to be the girl's mother. The child had a big abscess on the top of her head, so the woman left her in Hospital, returning to her own home, and did not come again for two weeks. After being operated on the child lay for three days without speaking a single word, then suddenly she said to a Bible woman sitting by her bedside: "I like you people. I'm going to stay with you." The Bible woman replied, "But your mother will not allow you to stay here," to which the child answered: "She is not my *mother*. She is a bad woman who keeps a lot of girls in her house. She beat me over the head, and that's why my head is sore. I'll live here for you are good to me." When the woman returned to fetch the child Dr. Oliver, in spite of threats firmly refused to let her go. The woman, seeing it was useless to attempt to secure the girl, went to the British magistrate and lodged a complaint that her daughter was being unlawfully detained in the Mission Hospital. The Magistrate wrote asking for an explanation, which was at once given; then he sent men

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to the woman's village to make enquiries as to her character, means of livelihood and so forth. When he had satisfied himself that the child's story was true, the magistrate, gave permission to Dr. Oliver to become her guardian and to assume responsibility for her. And so the child, rescued from a life of shame, grew in wisdom and stature, was educated in the Girl's School at Indore, and now as helpmeet, and wife and mother, she is letting her light shine in a Christian home in the midst of India's village darkness.

Occasional holidays were spent on the hills, but rarely were they free of work for her services were constantly requisitioned by fellow missionaries also there for rest and change. But she greatly enjoyed meeting new people and frequently added to her list of new friends.

Communion seasons, whether on the plains among the Indian Christians, or at the hills among fellow-worshippers from other foreign lands, were times of great and solemn heart-searching. On one occasion, after a Communion Service at the hills she was deeply moved and expressed herself as follows:—

Behold the Christ upon the tree,
He hangeth there for me, for me;
The nails that in His hands we see,
Were driven there for me, for me!

From pierced side the blood flows free;
That wound was made for me, for me;
I lift my eyes to Calvary—
The Lord smiles down on me, on me!

I stretch my hand to touch His cross,
The Lord lays hold on me, on me;
The precious blood flows o'er my dross,
It cleanseth me, yes, even me!

By faith, I see Him throned on high;
"My Saviour lives"! I cry, I cry;
He beckons me, and I draw nigh—
In Him I live—and cannot die!

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Her colleague at Indore having gone on furlough an extra heavy burden of work fell upon her, and often she would come up the stair, (for the residential quarters of the staff were above the Hospital) and sink into a chair too exhausted to speak. Nevertheless there was, through all the years, how heavy soever the burden might be, a great longing for souls. "All through this day, O Lord, let me touch as many lives as possible for Thee; and every life I touch do Thou by Thy Holy Spirit quicken." This was her plea.

It is no wonder, then, that her life and example did leave their impress and there are those of the people among whom she spent herself who cannot even yet speak of her unmoved. Just recently, though nearly nine years have passed since she left India, a simple, uneducated Christian woman remembered her when praying in a little meeting, and with broken voice, choked with sobs said: "O God, she has gone from us and is with Thee, but I want to give thanks for all she did for us ignorant women. Help us to do the things she would like us to do."

Some may think that too much emphasis has been laid on the character and prayer life, and not enough on the details of the work of the subject of this memoir; for man is prone to look at the quantity while God looks at the quality of our efforts. But in any land, and perhaps especially in a land like India, what one *does* is very unimportant as compared with what one *is*. "What you *are*," says Emerson, "speaks so loudly, that I cannot hear what you *say*," and statistics piled mountain high, are in the final analysis, of no account, unless back of all that they represent is a life that witnesses by loving deeds, and patient serving, to the breadth and length and depth and height of the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

At the end of march, 1911, very wearied in body, she left India for the home-land, garlanded after the pretty custom of India, with beautiful wreaths of roses and sweet-smelling jessamine; and bearing with her many tokens and assurances of the love of her colleagues and of the Indian people, both Christian and non-Christian.

CHAPTER V

THE homeward voyage from Bombay to Hong Kong, via Ceylon and Singapore was extremely hot, and the badly located second class cabins of the steamer by which she sailed, very trying and uncomfortable; and she was too wearied in mind and body for even the reading of books. An infected finger caused much pain and inconvenience. Then two days after transshipping at Hong Kong, the vessel by which the party voyaged, was wrecked on one of the dangerous rocky islands off the coast of China. Although all of the passengers were taken off in the lifeboats, and were afterwards picked up by a small coasting steamer on its way to Shanghai, yet the experience to one feeling the burden of many and strenuous years was peculiarly trying, and for the rest of the voyage across the Pacific, in a greatly crowded steamer, the effects were very noticeable, and it was cause for great thankfulness when the dear home land was reached.

In the autumn of 1912, at the end of furlough, it was thought advisable to wait an extra year at home, in the hope and expectation of being better fitted physically to face another term of service, and so she said to those returning without her: "Goodbye. I'll see you next year in India."

In the following spring, 1913, the disease which she must long have suspected, asserted itself in acute form, and she met it as she has met all life's disciplines, with a quiet, trustful spirit, and with a beautiful consideration for those about her. "Can she see?" asked the doctor in attendance, a few days before the end. A lamp was passed before the open, but unseeing eyes and it was found that she was stone blind, but had said not a word, lest the knowledge of her condition should add to the grief and distress of the sisters and friends who so lovingly cared for her.

She remembered special friends at home, and co-workers in India, sending messages to several of them, and near the

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end said: "How I would have liked to die in India, but He knows best."

"And I am so content
To die for this! I could not speak for God
As thou hast done, so well! but I can die
For God, and for my people."

And so, behaving herself bravely to the end, she passed into Life beyond life.

“**A** VOICE speaks within us. It is not the echo of our own thoughts, nor the whisper of a fellow-man. There is a vision, an inner assurance, a sheer conviction, a swift and overwhelming understanding,—and God appears.”

When God has a great work for any follower of His to do, He first of all reveals to him, his utter unfitness and unworthiness, until His child cries out, as did Isaiah of old: “Woe is me, for I am undone.”

Then He sends His own angel with fire of cleansing and with tender re-assuring words: “thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged.”

Then, and then only, is the servant ready to hear the word of his Lord,—

“Whom shall I send and who will go for us?”

Then only will the servant dare to respond,

“Here am I, send me!”

“Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth may rejoice together.”

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HIS TOUCH

I thought but of self and home and friends,
And gave not a thought to those
Who live in sorrow and die in sin,
With never a chance to choose.

I never thought of the lands beyond
The bounds of my own loved land;
For self I lived, and for self I wrought,
For self I struggled and planned.

Till the Lord of Life, and Light, and Love,
Spoke loud to my slumb'ring soul—
"O child of my love, bear thou to far lands
The message that makes men whole."

Then He touched my *eyes*, and, behold, I saw
The darkness of heathen lands,
With their myriad idols, and muttering priests,
Their greed, and their cruel demands.

He touched my *ears*, and I heard the cry
Of souls in sorrow and pain,
Who know not Christ and His saving power,
And whose death can never be "gain."

He touched my *lips*, and they longed to speak
To those by sin bowed down,
Of Him who to give *us* eternal life,
Himself wore a thorny crown.

He touched my *heart* with His pierced Hand,
And I cried: "Oh Lord! send *me*,
To the souls that sit in the shadow of death
Let me tell them of Life in Thee."

[illegible]

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